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MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

A LIFE OF TRIALS.

"Human life is indeed a state in which much is to be endured, and to be enjoyed; and I have been early taught that this world is not my home, is not my Canaan; and ought I then to murmur in my pilgrimage through the desert, the fruits and flowers of Eden are denied me?"

Anonymous.

I have this day completed my nineteenth year. It may fairly be supposed that vanity has nothing to do with one who is flustering on the brink of the grave; and that she can have little in view, save the instruction of others, in devoting two of the trials of a strange and chequered existence. The first may teach the younger part of my sex, in this age of over-refinement, that if courage be indispensable to bold; enterprising man—self-possession is no less necessary to timid, shrinking woman: and my second, that if anatomical exposure be the nurse—and I believe it—of medical science, caution should be used in the selection of objects, and discrimination in the choice of those who are to participate in its disclosures. And thus, when my feeble voice will be heard in this world no longer I may instruct from my grave.

I was a girl of eighteen when my father was Governor of York Castle. A murder, attended with circumstances of the most inhuman barbarity, had been perpetrated in our neighborhood, and an old man with his two sons charged, with the commission of the crime, were delivered into his custody. By accident I witnessed their being brought into the Castle. Years have passed away, and other events have succeeded; joy and sorrow, affluence and poverty, like storm and sunshine, have chased each other; foreign scenes and foreign faces have intervened; but I see them before me now—in the deep gloom of midnight in which I am writing—as clear, as if they were standing in life before me! The hardened ruthless look of the elder murderer—his venerable hoary hair frightfully contrasted by the expression of his countenance—his cold grey eye, which glanced incessantly around with the most fearful and restless anxiety—his parched lips and haggard look, sadly at variance with his bent form and tottering gait; all combined to form a picture, which, once seen, could never be forgotten. The eldest stern and sullen—muttered an incoherent answer when asked what injury he had received from his victim—while an expression of vindictive triumph glared in his eye; the youngest seemed bowed down with the consciousness of guilt, and kept his eyes fixed sadly on the ground. Once only he raised them.—They encountered the old man's glance, and sunk beneath it.

Deposition, after deposition, was drawn out, and such a mass of circumstantial evidence accumulated, that it was hardly possible to doubt their guilt. The trial was to come on in the course of ten days; but in the interim a committee of the House of Commons required my father's presence in town, and I was left in charge of the Castle. It was a responsibility which I had incurred before, and it did not appear formidable. I was surrounded by trusty and tried servants, and having always been taught to rely on my own courage and resolution in exigencies, I entered upon my duties without fears. The keys of the different wards were brought me every night, and remained under my pillow till morning; and that my father's room might be kept perfectly aired, I removed to it the evening after his departure. Things went on smoothly for some days, till, one morning, I was told that the eldest Welford was not to be found, and was supposed to have made his escape.—Placards were posted over York without delay—large rewards offered for his apprehension—officers and constables despatched in all directions—but without success.—Eight and forty hours elapsed and no tidings were procured of him. How he had escaped—and to what retreat he had fled—was as much secret as ever.

In this annoying posture of affairs, I went to my own room, in the evening of the second day, for some papers I wished to consult. I had opened my desk, and was busily prosecuting my search, when, happening to glance my eye round, I distinctly saw the face of a man cautiously peeping over the furniture of my bed. I felt it was Welford's! My first impulse was to scream, but recollecting that I was alone—in a distant part of the house—that all assistance was beyond my reach—that the faintest shriek would seal my doom—I hastily smothered my emotion, and continued my search as before. I confess I trembled—and thinking my death blow

might be dealt from behind, I determined on having what little notice I could; and facing my foe, I drew my chair fronting the bed, and read a letter—my voice, I know, faltered—aloud. I then sung for a few moments—very faintly I believe!—till, gradually getting nearer and nearer the door, I made a grasp at the lock, and rushed out. I trust I felt as grateful as I ought towards a merciful Providence, when I locked the door upon the Felon!

The turnkeys were then summoned; the fugitive was taken—secured—and, in a few hours afterwards, condemned. On the night preceding his execution he made a full confession. After admitting the justice of his sentence, he continued—that having discovered by accident his cell joined my apartment, and knowing the keys were given me nightly, he had climbed up one chimney, and let himself down by another in to my room, that his design was to have murdered me—possessed himself of the keys—and escaped; that during the two whole days he was missing, he had lain concealed in my room, enduring—as he himself expressed it—"between hunger and disappointment, the torments of the damned." He added, he "thought himself in heaven when he at last saw me enter; and though I had not the keys with me would have then despatched me, but that he was sure from my manner and stay, I had no suspicion he was near me!" How closely did I hover on the confines of the other world! A sound, nay, even a look, and I should have been in eternity!

I pass over many years in which I was lunched on the stormy sea of sorrow, and buffeted with its waves—and hasten to the last trial. I had seen the light turf strewn over my father and five brothers—one, only one, the youngest, and my favorite, survived. The death of the others had only knitted us more strongly together, and made us, all the world to each other. After having received a thoroughly medical education, he was on the point of entering into partnership, when my mother's death recalled him to York. Her loved form had been deposited in its narrow dwelling, and he was about to return to town, when a friend requested him to demonstrate on a subject, and three days after the funeral he consented to do so. He went to the infirmary—his instruments were ready—and every preparation had been made—but when the cloth which covered the body was removed he recognized his—own mother! The empire of reason was at an end. He rushed from the room a maniac!

I am now an isolated being. Of a large and happy family, I remain the solitary survivor. But do I complain? do I repine? Oh no! Roses have been scattered among the thorns which have strewn my path through life; and, feeling that my connection with earth and its illusions will be shortly closed, I look forward to the period when the storms and tempests, that have deformed the evening of my days, will be succeeded by the never failing pleasures of eternal spring.

RACHEL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FRENCH POLICE.

The present inefficiency of the Parisian police has occasioned the revival of many curious anecdotes relative to Mr. de Sartine, who presided over that department before the Revolution. The following is considered authentic. The Duke of Grafton, who visited Paris when Sartine was Lieutenant-general of the police, happened, in the course of conversation with that magistrate, to observe that he could not credit all the miracles that were related respecting the French police. Mr. de Sartine showed him some bundles of stolen property, and read to him an account of the discovery and arrest of several individuals who were suspected of having committed the robberies, and who had been traced out in a very extraordinary way. The Duke, however, was not convinced. "It is possible," said he, "that men may be paid for allowing themselves to be arrested in a way that they may reflect great credit on the police, and these men may afterwards, by some trick, be enabled to escape. The monks in Italy pay beggars, who pretend to be lame for a year or two, but being miraculously cured on some festival day, they suddenly throw aside their crutches, and strut about before the astonished populace.—This serves at once to enrich the Madonna of the convent, and the keeper of the neighboring tavern."—"I know not what to say to you," observed Mr. de Sartine. "I should like," said the Duke, "to be convinced by something personally concerning my-

self."—"Well," rejoined Mr. de Sartine, "favor me for a moment with one of the pieces of money you have in your purse." The Duke immediately presented a louis d'or to Mr. de Sartine, who, having marked it with his pen-knife, returned it, saying: "Within twenty-four hours you shall be robbed of that Louis. Be on your guard."

"Well," said the Duke, "I agree to every thing except open force." After taking leave of the Lieutenant-General of police, the first thing the Duke did was to wash the louis, and put it into his mouth. This circumstance soon came to the knowledge of Mr. de Sartine. The Duke of Grafton went to attend vespers at Saint Roc, which was then the fashionable church. He took his place on one of the seats set apart for persons of distinction. He had not been long in the church, when a gentleman near him, drawing out his handkerchief, dropped his purse, and immediately a number of louis d'ors were scattered on the ground. The owner of the purse picked up eleven louis, and still appeared to be searching for more. "I am sure," said he to the persons about him, "that I had twelve louis in my purse. My valet put them in just before I left home, and by a singular whim he marked them all with his pen-knife." He then showed the mark on those which he had just picked up. Continuing his search, he advanced towards the Duke of Grafton, who was seated at some distance from the spot where the purse had been dropped.

"Did you by chance pick up a louis, sir?" said he addressing himself to the Duke. The impertinence of this question roused the Duke's indignation, and forgetting that he had his own louis in his mouth, he hastily stammered out a reply. "I would wager any thing," said the man, "that my louis is at this moment in your mouth." The Duke became exceedingly angry, and his attempts to express his indignation served only to convince all present of the truth of the man's extraordinary assertion. At length determined to extricate himself from this embarrassing situation, he said, "Well, I acknowledge I have a louis in my mouth; but it is my own, and I have been concealing it for a wager."—"In that case," said the man, very coolly, "you have no objection to show the louis to these gentlemen. They will see whether it is marked like mine." The Duke could not decline this examination. The louis was found to be marked exactly like those which had been dropped out of the purse, to the owner of which it was given. The Duke of Grafton, in a violent passion, quitted the church of Saint Roc, where fortunately he was known to every one. In the evening, at a party given by the Duke of Orleans, at the Palais Royal, Mr. de Sartine restored the louis d'or to the Duke of Grafton, and related the anecdote before the whole company. At that period the police prided itself in knowing every thing, and in protecting the rich against the poor.

THE ABBE'S REVENGE.

Some young men walking lately in the wood of Boulogne, perceived there an Abbe singing at the foot of a tree; they drew near and surrounded him. The Abbe, startled at his auditory, stopped short. The forwardest of them addressed him, and told him, "That, attracted by the charms of his voice, they were come there to listen to him." The singer excused himself. They insisted; he refused. The petulant orator lifted up his cane, and threatened to take the measure of his shoulders if he required any further entreaty. "A pretty method indeed to teach people to sing," said the Abbe. "I agree that it is rather harsh, but we will cut off your ears for you if you like that better." The poor devil seeing there was no reasoning with these gentlemen, set about his part, and sung, as we may imagine, very ill. "To it again, sir," said the orator: "we shall perform better the second time."—In short, they made him pass through the whole scale of music; after which they withdrew, with great commendations on his voice, and, above all, his complaisance in singing. The Abbe, who had this scene much at heart, lost no time; but, while the gentlemen continued their walk, laughing at his expense, he hastened to the gate of Boulogne, and, by the description he there gave of them, he found out their coachman; from him he learnt that the orator was the count of—, a black musqueteer, and got a particular information of his residence. The next morning, very early, the Abbe, dressed like a gentleman, hastened to his house, where he procured immediate admittance to

him. Being left alone with the count, who was yet half asleep, he told him who he was, and that he was come to demand satisfaction for the affront given the evening before. An apostrophe of this kind was well adapted to rouse the musqueteer, who continued still dozing. "You are absolutely a brave fellow," said the count; "I love Abbes who are ready at every thing and nothing, to be sure, is more reasonable than that you demand: but pray do you understand the sword?" "That is no matter of yours," said the Abbe, "you shall see by and by." "Be it so," replied the count: but where shall we fix the field of battle?" "On the very spot where the affront was given," rejoined the Abbe. "With all my heart," said the count, and, dressing himself instantly, ordered the horses to be put to the carriage. Our two champions repaired to the gate of Maillot, and getting out there, proceeded to the place of rendezvous. While the musqueteer was stripping, the Abbe took a pistol out of his pocket, and clapped it to his breast;—"We are not come here to fight, sir," said he; you made me sing yesterday against my will: I take you to be a very good dancer, and you shall dance or I will blow out your brains." In vain the soldier, startled at the pistol, would have pleaded the laws of honor. "You were a stranger to them yesterday," said the Abbe, "and deserve no other usage. No more ceremony, or I average myself immediately, let what will come of it." The musqueteer squeezed his ears and was obliged to comply. Accordingly he asked submissively what he must dance? "Cupid's minuet is what I am going to sing," said the Abbe, who thereupon warbled out the tune, directing his pupil all the while by the pistol, when the minuet was over, the Abbe required a country dance, then a hornpipe, rigadon, &c. At last throwing aside his pistol and drawing his sword, "We have now nothing to reproach each other with: let us fight." "No," cried the Count, "we will not; you are too brave a conqueror; you have corrected me; let me thank you for the lesson: let us be friends."—The musqueteer embraced each other and went to seal their friendship over a bottle.

ANECDOTES.

HOAXING.—A man who was accustomed to deal in the marvellous, told a country cousin of his that he had three great curiosities in his house; an ox that could go 300 miles a day, a cock that told the hour of the night, and a dog that could read in a superior manner. Says the cousin "these are extraordinary things indeed! I must call upon you, and beg a sight of them." The liar returns home and tells his wife what had happened, saying he had got into a scrape, and did not know how to extricate himself. "Oh, never mind," says she, "I can manage it."—The next day the countryman called, and inquiring after his cousin, is told that he was that morning gone off to Pekin. "And what time is he expected back?" "In seven or eight days." "How can he return so quick?" "He's gone off upon our ox." "Appropos, of that," continues the guest, "I am told that you have a cock that marks the hour." A cock happened just then to crow. "Yes, that's he; he not only tells the hour of the night, but reports when a stranger comes." "Then your dog, that reads books! might I beg to borrow a sight of him?" "Why to speak the truth, as our circumstances are but narrow, we have sent the dog out to keep a school."

An Irishman just arrived in London, saw, in a shopkeeper's window, "this superior blanket for half price." As it was the very article he wanted, he quietly walked in and inquired the price of it. "Five shillings," replied the seller. "Chape enough too, and I will buy it," says Pat—and putting it under his arm, he laid down half a crown, and was taking his leave, when the shop keeper leaped over the counter, and interrupted his passage, demanding two shillings and six pence more. "Didn't you advertise the blanket for half price (said the Hibernian), and didn't you say the price was five shillings? consequently, half price is half of that, so the devil burn myself and the blanket if I give up my bargain." Finally both parties adjourned to Bowstreet, when, after a patient examination before the magistrate, Pat was permitted to retain his purchase, and the blanket seller warned never more to ticket his goods in the window, for sale at half price.

THE LOUNGING HOUSE-WIFE.—The Lounging house-wife rises early in the morning in haste, for lazy folks are ever

in a hurry. She has not time to put on her clothes properly, but she can do it at any time. She draws on her gown, but leaves it half pinned, her handkerchief is thrown awry across her neck, her shoes down at the heels; she bustles about with her hair over her eyes; she runs from room to room slip-shod, resolved to do up the work and dress herself; but folks who are slip-shod about the feet, are usually slip-shod all over the house and all day; they begin every thing and finish nothing. In the midst of the poor woman's hurry somebody comes in: she is in a flutter, runs into the next room, pins up her gown and handkerchief, hurries back with heels thumping the floor.—"Oh dear! you have caught us all in the suds! I intended to have cleaned up before any person came in, but I had every thing to do this morning." In the mean time, she catches hold of the broom, and begins to sweep; the dust rises and stifles every soul present. This is ill manners indeed, to brush the dust into a neighbor's face—but the woman is very sorry it happened so.

Many a neighbor has thus been entertained with apologies and dust, at a friend's house, and whenever this takes place, depend on it, the mistress puts off to any time, that is, to no time, what ought to be done at the present time.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—We Bachelors are frequently doomed to witness sad effects of double "blessedness." Returning from the Theatre on Monday night, our ears were assailed, in a street leading to Broadway, by a combination of horrid noises. Crossing to the house whence they issued, we saw through the window, a tall Amazonian figure, half dressed, brandishing a huge pewter pot, and threatening to annihilate a little half-starved weazen faced looking thing, (which usually passed for a husband,) who was creeping for safety behind a rickety table. "Strike me," yelled the Tarmagant—"Strike me ye villain! Strike me an unarmed female, ye cowardly viper! Why don't ye strike me—why don't ye, I say?" With that she unfortunately tossed the trembling husband by an inch or two, and fell flat-tened from the wall. She then caught him by the hair and began to thrash him soundly, exclaiming all the while that she was "a poor, weak feeble woman, without a protector, &c." We ought to have mentioned that four or five naked little cherubs dear pledges of affection, were shuddering and crying in a corner, at this exhibition of maternal weakness. So, said we to ourselves, this is domestic felicity—this is conjugal tenderness—this is what is meant by having a fond partner to soothe one's cares, augment our joys, and partake our sorrows. Well, we thank Heaven that we can manage to dispense with some of this domestic felicity, and rather than have our heads broken by a great She-Goliath, we will continue (at least for a few weeks longer) to nuzzle in our narrow truckle-bed, alone, perhaps, but still in safety and silence.

Noah.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A short time since, one of the Selectmen of a neighboring town was repairing the Stocks; his neighbor happened to be passing along at the same time. After the friendly salutation of good morning, had mutually passed, the Selectman says pleasantly, "so you see neighbor, how hard I have to work for such fellows as you are." "Yes," replies the neighbor gravely, "as hard as Haman did for Mordecai."

A worthy Baronet's loyal toast of "the three C's—Curtis, King and Constitution," we believe is pretty generally known. A somewhat similar "mistake" was made one day last week by a horse doctor—we beg pardon—a Veterinary Surgeon, at a dinner of the faculty, who on being called upon for a toast, rose, and addressed the company as follows: "Gentlemen I beg pardon to propose the health of our very worthy professor, Mr. Coleman, and success to the three F's, Farriery, Farmacy, and Fysick."

A negro being asked how late it was by his watch, exclaimed, "Sixty-free minutes past haf arter twelve, why you no keep a watch yourself."

ORIGINAL.

Copy of a notice put up on the Bar-room door of a public house in Vermont—it would be well to have a similar notice on all our public houses.

Money is scarce, and I am poor, Drink what you like, but pay the score, For men to men are so unjust, I cannot tell what man to trust.

HARRISBURG CONVENTION

It is likely to be very fully attended by Representatives chosen by the Growers and Manufacturers of wool throughout our country. The Combination Presses affect to believe, because men of character and abilities have been chosen to compose it, that this Convention is to have a political aspect and a party object. We should protest, with as great vehemence as the Combination against any such a Convention. It would be as objectionable to us as the Caucusing of the combination here during the last winter, except that it is to be above-board, instead of being under-handed, and open to the world, instead of being so enveloped in darkness, that its proceedings have not yet been entirely disclosed to the light of day. We are persuaded, however, that this Convention has none but its avowed object, viz. a consultation amongst those who have a common interest, as to the measures for the promotion of that interest. There are every year similar Conventions held for consultation on great objects. We had last winter a Canal Convention here; and the winter before we had a gathering of Manufacturers here; but we never heard it suggested, that these Conventions had any connexion with party. We all know, indeed, that they had not. The idea of the Harrisburg Convention originated with the Philadelphia Society, who are not, that we know, particularly friendly to this Administration. It is not, however, that they are the contrary. There is no doubt in our minds that this Convention has been brought about by the natural operation of the proceedings of the Legislature of Virginia at its late Session. It was enough to startle the firmest mind, to hear it solemnly denied, at this day, that Congress, in laying duties, has any right to take into consideration their probable effect on our own manufactures. It might as well have been denied that Congress has a right to consider the nature and quantity of foreign manufactures we import, in order to determine the proper quantum of duty to be imposed upon them. There is no end, indeed, to the extravagancies to which that doctrine would not lead us.

The following paragraph, extracted from a Richmond paper, places this matter in so strong a light as to leave no room for doubt that we do not know whether we should have ventured to copy it from any other than a Virginia paper:

FROM THE RICHMOND WHIG.

Harrisburg Convention.—The approaching Manufacturing Convention at Harrisburg, which assemblies on the 30th July, is attracting more and more attention in the Northern States. New-Hampshire and Massachusetts have already moved in. Meetings for the purpose of selecting deputies, took place at Wilmington, Delaware, and at Rutland, Vermont, on the 27th June; on the 29th, at Newport, R. I.; and the 27th at Baltimore; and the 17th, at Pittsburgh. In addition, a meeting is called at Albany on the 10th instant—at Poughkeepsie, at Utica, and at Argyle, country towns—preparatory to a State Convention. The whole Western part of the State is unanimous for a protective tariff. The assembly at Harrisburg will probably be great, and exhibit much talent. The object of their assembly is calculated to arrest the attention of the whole Union.

Mr. Giles has set a stone rolling by his abstract and metaphysical legislation, which metaphysics to stop. The result of the 18th July was foreseen and foretold. The thunders of the Richmond Vatican are no longer heard with respect. The denial of the constitutionality of a tariff, the second act passed under the Constitution of '89, and never before denied by the most wire-drawn and hair-splitting expounders of the Constitution, has alarmed not only the entire manufacturing interest, but all who have the integrity of the Union at heart. Protection to the rights of the States is not so much seen in it, as hostility to the rights of the General Government—rights equally essential as those of the States to the preservation of the constitutional balance. Men cannot but ask themselves why none of these complaints of the power and oppression of the General Government, were heard under Jefferson and Madison? Were not the same measures of roads and the tariff then prosecuted? Did not Mr. Giles, *ad omne genus*, lend them their sanction? Was not the Constitution then, what it is now? All these questions must be answered affirmatively. What, then, is the reason of the present dissatisfaction? A Northern, instead of a Southern man is President. Mr. Giles is the sire of the Harrisburg Convention.

POLITICS OF THE DAY.

Extract of a letter from his Excellency Joseph Kent, Governor of Maryland, to a gentleman of Frankfort, dated

RECEIVED, 15th May, 1827.

"I have seen so little of late from your State upon the subject of politics, that I do not know whether the violence of the Opposition to the present Administration, has extended itself among you or not.

"Our friend Mr. Clay, appears to be the chief object of persecution with the Opposition. They are, with great industry, conducting a systematical attack upon him, which commenced with the Kremer story, which was an entire fabrication. At the time the plot opened, I was a member of the House of Representatives, and heard Kremer declare he never designed to charge Mr. Clay with any thing dishonorable in his life. The old man, naturally honest, was imposed on, at the time, by a powerful influence, and constrained to act his part in an affair, which, from beginning to end, was as much a fiction as the Merry Wives of Windsor, or the School for Scandal.

"The attack on Mr. Clay, during the late session of Congress, by Gen. Saunders, as far as I could judge from the debate as published, proved an entire abortion, and I hardly know which surprised me most, the folly of the attack, or the inconsistency of the General.—You have seen, no doubt, that Mr. F. Johnson stated in his reply to General Saunders, that at the time of the Presidential election, in the House of Representatives, that he, General S. was decidedly in favor of Mr. Adams, in preference to Gen. Jackson. In confirmation of what Mr. Johnson has stated, I well remember, that, ten minutes before the election, Gen. Saunders came to me, with an anxious countenance, discovering deep concern indeed, and used these emphatic words: 'I hope to God you may be able to terminate the election on the first ballot, for fear we from North Carolina may be forced to vote for General Jackson.' North Carolina, you know, voted in the House of Representatives for Mr. Crawford, whose prospect of success was hopeless, although the electors of that State gave their votes in favor of General Jackson.

"Knowing the deep interest you have always taken in Mr. Clay's welfare, I have been induced to give you, for your personal satisfaction, those particulars.

"Mr. Clay I have known intimately for sixteen years; his public career is completely identified with every important event of the country, from that period to the present time, whether in peace or in war. During the late war, I have seen the House of Representatives, after having gone out of Committee of the Whole, return to it again, for the sole purpose of affording Mr. Clay an opportunity (then Speaker) of putting down the desperate and infuriated advocates of British tyranny, insult, and injury.

"But his enemies say Mr. Adams bargained with him: This is assertion without proof, and as destitute of truth as it is of manly frankness. His superior qualifications placed him in the Department of State, and history furnishes no instance, when a superior man ever had to bargain for a high station, for which his peculiar fitness was evident to every one.

"In Maryland, the Administration is daily gaining ground, and by the time the election occurs, I hope we shall be able to present an undivided front in their support."

POLITICS OF THE DAY.—The politics of this country, so far as party is concerned, have gotten to be less annoying to the peace and less threatening to the welfare of the community than they have been since the revolution. We hear now nothing of British or French influence—nothing of Federalism and Democracy, nothing of Aristocrats and Jacobins, blue lights, Hartford Conventions, Baltimore mobs, conscription bills, the reign of terror and that of infidelity—all these bones of contention have been gnawed upon till the very teeth of the old politicians are worn to the gums, and now what is there to disturb the country? not the casting of the three great interests of the land, the Agricultural, the Manufacturing and the Commercial—they have no fault to find, and no disposition to grumble—they are prosperous and contented. Nor is it now a matter of sectional feeling that disturbs the country. The North is not arrayed against the South, nor is the West arrayed against the East. Differences of religious opinion have been banished, and become mere polemical matters about which some few individuals occasionally grumble at each other. There is but one thing which disturbs, or rather threatens to disturb this quiet and happy republic. Of the opposition party, if it may say to corruption thou art our father, its mouldering ruins will soon acknowledge the worm for its sister, and a heap of dust will be all that remains of it.

What is the opposition? The forlorn hope of radicalism—quitting the standard of Mr. Crawford the moment he said 'let the administration be judged by its measures,' and swarming round the first man who bid fair to raise a whirlwind throughout the country. Their opposition has hitherto been vain, for the public know that all their fault-finding have been refuted—that to them solely is to be attributed the delay of some, and the omission of other, important business before the last Congress, and to them solely, the charges, insinuations, correspondences, plots and contrivances, that have been in drill for the next Presidential election ever since the last one. Unluckily for this opposition, and most happily for the country, they have been obliged to trust their enterprise to Gen. Jackson. Not a plan is laid by the party, but the honest and simple old General comes out with a letter and knocks it in the head. If an eloquent speech is made by an eloquent man in his favor, and every thing seems to go swimmingly, the General must say something about it and the charm is broken. That admirably contrived story of an overture on the part of Mr. Clay or his friends to Gen. Jackson would have answered all purposes had it been left just so vague and unvoiced that it could not be noticed, but the General must needs write a letter, and the conclusion comes to all at once, that he who would write such a letter, and could not write a better one, should never be made President of the United States. If the hope of the opposition rests on Gen. Jackson—if he is their man—they should beg of him not to touch pen to paper about the matter until he is elected. He will never do for them, for their intrigues, and too simple a man in political affairs to perceive that they mean to make him with his military popularity, their tool instead of their idol. If he would only keep quiet until the opposition gets him in, their triumph would be the greater as his own usefulness for it was discovered, and the power of the leaders the more exposed, and the general should experimentally find out his own deficiencies. Were it not that we happen to believe in the honesty of his character and the simplicity of his flattered heart, we wish he would write a letter every week and like Dagon

"Full fat and shame his worshippers,"

Connecticut Mirror.

MR. CLAY'S REPLY.

[From the Kentucky Reporter, July 4.]

TO THE PUBLIC.—On my arrival at Wheeling, the 23d inst. I was informed that Mr. Carter Beverly, then at that place, had received the preceding night by mail, a letter from Gen. Jackson, which he had exhibited to several persons, and left with my friend, Col. Noah Zane, for my perusal, and which I was told formed a subject of general conversation, and had produced much excitement in the town. The Captain of the Reindeer

having kindly detained his steam boat for my accommodation, and as I was unwilling longer to delay his departure, I had only time to obtain a hasty but I believe a correct copy of the letter, and I now send the first moment, after my arrival at home, to present it to the public, together with a copy of another letter addressed by Mr. Beverly to Col. Zane.

I purposely forbear, at this time, to make several comments which these documents authorize, and confine myself to a notice of the charges which General Jackson has brought forward in his letter.

These charges are, 1st. That my friends in Congress, early in January, 1825, proposed to him that, if he would say, that, in case he was elected President, Mr. Adams should not be continued Secretary of State, by a complete union of myself and my friends, we would put an end to the Presidential contest in one hour; and

2dly. That the above proposal was made to Gen. Jackson, through a distinguished member of Congress, of high standing, with my privacy and consent.

To the latter charge I oppose a direct, unqualified, and indignant denial. I neither made, nor authorized nor knew of any proposition whatever to either of the three candidates who were returned to the House of Representatives at the last Presidential election, or to the friends of either of them, for the purpose of influencing the result of the election, or for any other purpose; and all allegations, insinuations, and imputations that my vote on that occasion was offered to be given, or was in fact given, in consideration of any stipulation or understanding, express or implied, direct or indirect, written or verbal, that I was or that any other person was, to be appointed Secretary of State, or that I was, in any other manner, to be personally benefited are devoid of all truth, and destitute of any foundation whatever; and I firmly and solemnly believe that the first of the two above mentioned charges is alike untrue and groundless. But if (contrary to my full belief) my friends or any of them, made any such proposition or offer as is asserted in that first charge, it was without my knowledge and without my authority.

The letter of Gen. Jackson insinuates, rather than directly makes, the further charge, that an arrangement was proposed and made between Mr. Adams' friends and mine, by which, in the event of his election, I was to be appointed Secretary of State. I pronounce that charge also, as far as I know or believe, to be untrue, and without the least foundation.

Gen. Jackson having at last voluntarily placed himself in the attitude of my public accuser, we are now fairly at issue. I rejoice that a specific accusation by a responsible accuser, has at length appeared, though at the distance of near two and a half years since the charge was first put forth, through Mr. George Kremer. It will be universally admitted, that the accusation is of the most serious nature. Hardly any more atrocious could be preferred against a representative of the people in his official character. The charge in substance is, that deliberate "propositions of bargain" were made by my Congressional friends collectively, through an authorized and distinguished member of Congress, to Gen. Jackson; that their object was, by these "means of bargain and corruption," to exclude Mr. Adams from the Department of State, or to secure my promotion to office; and that I was privy and assented to those propositions.

Such being the accusation and the precise nature of the issue between us, I have now no right, except that he will substantiate his charge by the exhibition of satisfactory evidence. In that event, there is no punishment which would exceed the measure of my offence. In the opposite event, what ought to be the judgement of the American public is cheerfully submitted to their wisdom and justice.

H. CLAY.

Lexington, 26th June, 1827.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

CANTON, Oct. 25.

In Hogle, here has this day been posted up a M^s placard, with the name of the person whose father was killed at Ling Ting in the Topaz, saying that to revenge his father's death, he is seeking for an opportunity to murder Houqua. Under this declaration there are twelve lines over, repeating what was said in prose to the Governor of Canton in the late petition—that his father and brother-in-law were both killed by foreigners; that seven houses were destroyed by shot fired from the Topaz, and that ten thousand taels were plundered from this island.

He then states that he had appealed to the Emperor, and received his Majesty's command to seize the foreigner, but Houqua had accepted of bribes to let him go away. He bewails his distress during six years, invokes Heaven, and announces his determination to have his revenge satisfied; and then winds up by requesting the lovers of justice to give him 100 pieces of gold to enable him to go again to the Emperor. As he does not know the "slave" Houqua personally, he asks any one to point him out, and he will instantly rip open his bowels.

The Hong-merchant Houqua is guilty of being rich and timid; hence he has of late been assailed, in a variety of ways, to extort money from him, which seems to be the malicious intentions of this man, who asserts the grossest falsehoods, with the same breath that he makes appeals to justice and to heaven. China is a mass of moral corruption, consisting of atheism, malice, revenge, lying, fraud and sensuality.

FROM ANTWERP.

We have been favored with Antwerp papers to the 10th ult.

A letter from Marseilles, May 31, says two frigates have sailed from Toulon, to cruise off Algiers, and some small vessels for the straits. Another squadron is sitting at Toulon, and it is thought, from the quantity of provisions put on board, that its destination is more distant than Algiers. We speak no more of Greek cruisers, but are tormented

by Colombian corsairs, which detain all French vessels loaded on account of subjects of Spain, that attempt to enter Spanish ports.

Constantinople, Turkey, May 11.—The inquietude relative to the negotiations with the European Ministers increases every day. New despatches have just been received from Austria, urging the acceptance of the terms offered by Russia and England; but the disposition of the Divan does not appear to undergo the least change.

The fleet under the Captain Pachá, composed of 21 large vessels, and 31 small ones, quitted the Dardanelles May 1, and they say has already united with a part of the Egyptian fleet.

The following letter was written to the editor of the N. Y. Morning Courier, and is copied from that paper—it gives a pretty good account of the way things are done at Saratoga:

Saratoga Springs, July—, 1827.

MY DEAR—

I have been amusing myself for the last three days by scraping acquaintance with all the invalids who have repaired hither to seek health in the water of Congress or Columbia Springs. I have become hail fellow with all the exiles from Pandora's box—I have formed a familiar acquaintance with drowsy, liver complaint, scrofula and dyspepsia. To see these disorders in all their charms, it is only necessary to go down to the Bathing House at 11 o'clock, you will find them on the stoop all waiting their turn to take a ducking from the shower bath. By way of good fellowship, I took a bath myself yesterday, (although I have now no complaint, except a "consumption of the purse,) and was almost scalded to death by the infernal carelessness of the attendant. You have seen a shower bath.—When you are prepared, you place your body under a sieve, and down comes the shower. I ordered a warm shower bath. Now this may be prepared in two ways, either by warming the fluid to a proper degree, or by mixing boiling and cold water.—What does my man do but pour in the boiling water first, and just as I pulled the string, shout "for heaven's sake don't pull, the cold water isn't poured in!" It was too late—down come the hot water, and out jumped your scalded friend, swearing like a Prussian grenadier: "I was absolutely parboiled, and my face to-day is the image of hideousness. You may infer that I have not honoured the drawing room with my presence since the catastrophe.

Some of the invalids here are amusing characters. One of them is a Bostonian, whose leg was broken last winter, by tumbling from a stage. His doctor, by mismanagement, set it awry, and being unable to cure his patient, shipped him off to the Springs. I was quite amused to hear Dr. S., the resident physician, talk to him; "My dear fellow," said he, "do you suppose the Congress water is going to set your leg, or amputate it, in case of mortification? If there be iron in the water, it is not iron manufactured into surgical instruments. Go back to Boston and tell your Doctor not to send any more of his incurables here, to throw the blame off from himself." Dr. S. complains grievously of the course pursued by divers members of the killing art. Whenever they have a patient with whom they know not what to do, they send him to Saratoga:—if he dies, so, it is not the fault of his official physician—if he recovers, the credit is all their own, for sending him, just in the nick of time, to the Springs. Thus, Dr. S. (who is an excellent physician, and a very agreeable companion,) is debited with all the deaths, and deprived of the credit of all the cures.

There is a little Frenchman here from Canada, whom the dropsy has converted into the form of a balloon. His Hippocrates of the North, finding him "past redemption," sent him hither.—He jumped out of the stage, and made straightway for the Spring. After quaffing some dozen glasses of the water, he marched up to the hall, to seek quarters. His room adjoins mine. By night-fall he was quite unwell, and sent for the Doctor. Like Billy Lackaday, he told his story in a most moving manner. The Doctor lost all patience and perpetrated an oath, "Have you not got water enough in your body," said he, "without coming here and guzzling the whole Spring at one potation?" He then decorated his patient's body with a number of blisters, and I was kept awake all night by the groanings and frequent ejaculations of *helas!* which proceeded from the suffering scion of Gaul.

But enough of these details. I am anointing my face with cosmetic cold cream, to remove the effects of my *semioction*, and if I see fit to write again, my next will treat of youth, beauty, fashion and flirtation. Adieu.

EXTRAORDINARY.—Twenty-two years ago, the head of half the people in the then comparatively wild region of Otsego County, were turned by two youths, a brother and sister we believe, who pretended to wonderful powers of sight with one of those wonderful stones, [a diaphanous pebble.] According to their perceptions, the bowels of divers hemlock ridges, which we well remember, were lined with gold; and immense excavations were made, one in Burlington, and one in Exeter or Otsego, (township,) near Scuyler's lake. It is needless to add that more gold was expended than was found. We recollect well, a meeting of very respectable men, some of whom are now living there, to examine the children. According to the account, they could, at once, see any, and every thing in existence that was named whether on or in the earth, or in the waters under the earth. Many of their answers as to facts which they could not have known, were truly surprising.—The process of looking was: The stone was placed in a large box, or a hat, into which the head was thrust, and from which the light was totally excluded.—In this way, (we shall be laughed at for saying it,) they would, and actually did, count the money, accurately, mentioning every piece of coin, in any gentleman's pockets. The experiment was tried over and over again, and succeeded, even when gentlemen themselves did not know, until they had examined, exactly what amount of money they had with them.

N. Y. Com.

RED SQUIRRELS.—We sometime since gave an account of the unprecedented increase of these little animals on the borders of the St. Lawrence. The Williamstown (Mas.) Advocate, of Thursday, states, that they have recently arrived in troops at that village; and, notwithstanding they have been assailed by the boys with every kind of missile, they seem determined to make a permanent settlement. They assert their claims with great boldness and perseverance; cross every path, and the very threshold of the doors, and perch with every mark of impertinence upon the next post, as if determined to outface the inhabitants of the village.

NIAGARA FALLS.—It is stated in the Black Rock Gazette, that some rude, unfeeling boys, a few days since, took a Dog, and threw him into the rapid of the Niagara river, just above the Niagara Falls, and that the poor animal, in despite of his exertions, was precipitated over the stupendous precipice! when, strange to record, the Dog was discovered in the tumbling flood below, pulling for the shore; upon reaching which, he was found to have sustained only a slight injury on one of his legs.

INSTALLATION.—The Rev. John Samuel Thompson, was installed over the First Universalist Society in Charlestown, on the 15th ult. Introductory Prayer by Rev. Mr. Streeter, of Boston; Reading the Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Stetson; Sermon by Rev. H. Ballou of Boston, from 2d Timo. 11 ch. 15 v.—"study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Prayer, Charge and Delivery of the Scriptures by Rev. T. Jones of Gloucester; Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. Paul Dean of Boston; Concluding Prayer by Rev. T. Whittemore of Cambridge.—*Boston Patriot.*

FATAL ENCOUNTER.—On Thursday, the 12th, a tailor in the village of New-Paltz, by the name of Murray, stabbed Jacob Brennan, a native of that town, which stab proved fatal. The dispute arose about some trivial affair, and the deceased had no idea that Murray, a neighbor and acquaintance, was in anger until he wounded him in the head. They then laid hold of each other, and B. got M. down, the latter cried enough!—and, as B. rose to let him up, M. ran the weapon into his side.

No person confined to the House of Correction in Worcester County as a common drunkard, is hereafter to be discharged without a certificate from a doctor that he has submitted to medical treatment for a cure.

A SMART OLD MAN.

Mr. Joseph Moore of this town, who is now in his 78th year, has made, with his own hands, within the last nine months, 66,000 of good Shingles, which have sold in this market for \$3 per M., which make \$198—(that he has earned besides attending to the planting, hoeing, &c. He will now hoe, mow, or rake as much in a day as any common man wishes to do.—*Ind. Courier.*

The editor of the Boston Statesman a few days since published a "glorious" account of a Jackson Meeting, purporting to have been held in Alfred, Me. on the 4th inst. at which among other things done and said, a very respectable committee was appointed to correspond with the friends of "the Hero" in other sections of the Union. It turns out, however, that the story is entirely fictitious, and that it was only an attempt of some "wicked wag" to practice on that editor's credulity. Though we consider such practices contemptible to the last degree, we can scarcely suppress a smile, when we contrast his present wrathful indignation with the chuckling good nature which he manifested two or three years since, when a fictitious account of an Adams Meeting, purporting to have been held in Cumberland District, Maine, and which was said to have nominated "Hon. Stephen Jones, a revolutionary worthy," (a negro) as candidate for Elector, was peddled on one or two

his brother editors. I that a marvellously well he looks upon as in the fellow who performs a puppy." This how "cases alters cases," "full of instruction whole, we think Mr. presented with a subject him, however, to render of his brother Hill, the for the goose, is such

THE OBS.

NORWAY, THURSDAY

THE NEXT LEGISLATION of State officers, about Maine, we can perceive excitement. When in elective privilege, every ty himself, in reference to posed for his vote, that capable," and having d prepared to act. On the and corrupt candidate sh and on the other he supported. "The man, the government contem vices or his follies, should the people, in a situation

Happily, at the present little political heat in a little there is depends on fort of some of our public people alone, let them al cove of misrepresentation and unprincipled, and the We believe the period is it has not already argu measures and public me in different balances th the powerful and healed tizan, will not be able to weight of slander and ob of meritorious opponents, ions will be examined by liberal scepticism, prej bottom, when the mist before the ashine of go rity of character no lon tarish of falsehood

The only test of polit honesty, capacity and fid and state constitutions: lished with honest pur virtuous and enlightened long adhere to party na keep alive party division We mean not by this th of amalgamation, where set against Republican v ion and nicely of calco would adjust an account the parties look on with and anxiety of feeling, as in court to ascertain u vance will preponderate.

This implies the existe altogether inconsistent wi an union of sentiment, of which looks only at pri the same standard of rig politician and moralist; denounce as politically known to be morally bas In the important Stat hand, let us elect, for S natives, those men among their integrity and intellig nothing to fear. We can our rights in the hands o acter.—We are sensible th portance will be attachec tature, from the circumst the power to decide the electors of President. should stimulate us to ele have named, but furnish ty excitement.

We have the most perf we shall elect no Senators who will take the choice people, whatever may vews as to the respective Presidency. This mode is one which will satisfy the

We this day give plac tion, nominating the H aunw and JONAS GROVE dicates for re-election Maine. We are much pl our power to say, that w accords very much with the wishes of the electors ry generally.

JACKSON vs. CLAY.—W ed the letter of Gen. Jac ly, charging Mr. Clay an corruption in the late el Adams; we this day, lay the reply of Mr. Clay, g unequivocal denial to the now fairly joined between party; and for trial selves upon the country. the people, hearken to th a true verdict therein.

Hon. Benjamin Gorbat Representative to Congr place of Hon. Daniel Wel on Senator to Congress.

COMMUNIC.

FOR THE OBS.

Mr. BARTON.—Altho has been incidentally paper there has been cation of Senatorial supported, in this Cou election. The very ho fol services rendered b who served the past y further confidence as strong pledge of fut Will you therefore pe your paper to propose

Hon. REUEL WAS

JOHN GROVER,

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July 23, 1827.

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his brother editors. He seemed to think that a marvellously witty exploit,—this he looks upon as most villainous, and the fellow who performed it a "miserable puppy." This all goes to show how "cases alters cases," and is, therefore, "full of instruction." On the whole, we think Mr. Greene is here presented with a subject, on which he may indulge his moralizing propensity in its largest extent. We would advise him, however, to remember the maxim of his brother Hill, that "what is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander."

Essex Gazette.

THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1827.

THE NEXT LEGISLATURE.—In the election of State officers, about to take place in Maine, we can perceive no cause for great excitement. When in the exercise of the elective privilege, every elector should satisfy himself, in reference to the candidate proposed for his vote, that he is "honest and capable;" and having done this he will be prepared to act. On the one hand the weak and corrupt candidate should be put down, and on the other the able and upright supported. The man, who would render the government contemptible either by his vices or his follies, should not be placed, by the people, in a situation to do it.

Happily, at the present day, there is but little political heat in our State, and what little there is depends on the unremitted effort of some of our public Journals. Let the people alone, let them act without the influence of misrepresentation from the designing and unprincipled, and they will act right. We believe the period is fast approaching, if it has not already arrived, when public measures and public men are to be weighed in different balances than heretofore; when the powerful and heated and overbearing partizan, will not be able to overwhelm the weight of meritorious opponents, when political opinions will be examined by a magnanimous and liberal scepticism, prejudice, probed to the bottom, when the mists of error shall lie before the sunshine of good feeling, and purity of character no longer suffer from the tarnish of falsehood.

The only test of political merit should be honesty, capacity and fidelity to our national and state constitutions; this test once established with honest purpose of heart, and a virtuous and enlightened community will not long adhere to party names, nor struggle to keep alive party divisions.

We mean not by this the unnatural process of amalgamation, wherein *Federalist* is offset against *Republican* with as much precision and nicety of calculation as Lawyers would adjust an account current, and where the parties look on with as much intensity and anxiety of feeling, as do parties litigant in court to ascertain on which side the balance will preponderate.

This implies the existence of a disposition altogether inconsistent with union—we mean an union of sentiment, of feeling and action which looks only at principle, which holds up the same standard of right and wrong to the politician and moralist; and which will not denounce as politically corrupt the man known to be morally honest.

In the important State Election near at hand, let us elect, for Senators and Representatives, those men among us distinguished for their integrity and intelligence, and we have nothing to fear. We can with safety repose our rights in the hands of men of this character.—We are sensible that an additional importance will be attached to the next Legislature, from the circumstance of their having the power to decide the mode of choosing electors of President. This circumstance should stimulate us to elect such men as we have named, but furnishes no ground for party excitement.

We have the most perfect confidence, that we shall elect no Senators or Representatives who will take the choice of Electors from the people, whatever may be their individual views as to the respective candidates for the Presidency. This mode is certainly the only one which will satisfy the State.

We to this day give place to a communication, nominating the Hon. REUEL WASHBURN and JOHN GROVER, Esquires, as candidates for re-election to the Senate of Maine. We are much pleased to have it in our power to say, that while this nomination accords very much with our own, it will meet the wishes of the electors in this County very generally.

JACKSON vs. CLAY.—We last week published the letter of Gen. Jackson to Mr. Beverly, charging Mr. Clay and his friends with corruption in the late election of President Adams; we this day, lay before our readers the reply of Mr. Clay, giving a prompt and unequivocal denial to the charges. Issue is now fairly joined between the high contending parties; and for trial they have put themselves upon the country. It remains that we, the people, hearken to the evidence and give a true verdict therein.

Hon. Benjamin Gorham has been elected Representative to Congress from Boston, in place of Hon. Daniel Webster, recently chosen Senator to Congress.

COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MR. BARTON.—Although the subject has been incidentally noticed in your paper there has been no express nomination of Senatorial candidates to be supported, in this County, at the next election. The very honorable and faithful services rendered by the Gentlemen who served the past year, require of us further confidence as well as afford a strong pledge of further usefulness.—Will you therefore permit us, through your paper to propose the names of the

Hon. REUEL WASHBURN, and JOHN GROVER, Esquires, as candidates for the Senate, to be supported at the election in September next; and permit us also to express the hope that Oxford will give a strong and undivided support.

MANY.

July 23, 1827.

STATE NOMINATION.

FOR GOVERNOR.

HON. ENOCH LINCOLN.

Senators for York County.

NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION TICKET.

[Three to be chosen.]

Hon. GEORGE SCAMMON, of Saco.

DANIEL GOODENOW, Esq. of Alfred.

Dr. CALEB EMERY, of Eliot.

Another.

Hon. GEORGE SCAMMON, of Saco.

Dr. CALEB EMERY, of Eliot.

GAMALIEL E. SMITH, Esq. Newfield.

OPPOSITION TICKET.

Hon. MARK DENNETT, of Kittery.

Hon. MOSES SWETT, of Parsonsfield.

*Hon. ISAAC EMERY, of Biddeford.

*In favor of Gen. Jackson.

For Lincoln County.

[Four to be chosen.]

EDWIN SMITH,

JOEL MILLER,

EDWARD KAVANAGH,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON,

For the County of Oxford.

[Two to be chosen.]

REUEL WASHBURN,

JOHN GROVER.

GRECE.—It appears by the accounts

which have been received from various quarters, that the affairs of this country are approaching towards a favorable crisis. The best authentic statements confirm the intelligence of the Greeks, under the command of General Church, Karaissaki, Colonels Gordon, Kridregger, and Colocotroni, having attacked Redschid Pacha before Athens, on the 19th of April, and the two following days, and after an obstinate engagement, compelled him to abandon his entrenchments, and retreat to the distance of two hours march from the city. By this event, which it is hoped will lead to the final deliverance of the Acropolis, the Greeks would be enabled to convey an immediate supply of provisions into the Citadel. The events by sea are also stated to be equally favorable to the cause of the Greeks. Ten vessels laden with warlike stores intended for the Seraskier, had been taken or destroyed in the Gulf of Volo. The following is a copy of the letter written by Lord Cochrane after the first combat in the Piræus.—*N. Y. Morning Courier.*

"TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE GOVERNMENT OF GREECE.

"A Battle, glorious to the Greek Arms, has been fought to-day. It was commenced by the marines who were landed on the several points of the coasts of this Peninsula (Munichya), and drove before them the enemies who were posted there. The land troops not willing to be surpassed in courage by the marines, also rushed on the enemy. While the Hydriots and Spezzioti were making themselves masters of the enemy's position in the Peninsula, the troops advanced on the other side of the Piræus, whence, at this unexpected attack of the heroic courage of the Greeks the Turks fled like a flock thrown into confusion. From this day begins a new era in the military system of modern Greece.—If every one behaves to-morrow as all without exception have behaved to-day, the siege of the Acropolis will be raised, and the liberty of Greece ensured. My wishes and my desires are that the Greeks may obtain liberty for a period, longer than that in which they have endured slavery, and that their glory may equal that of their Ancestors."

"COCHRANE."

"The Port of the Piræus, April 22, 1827."

TRIAL OF STRANG AND MRS. WHIPPLE.

On Wednesday last the trial of Strang and Mrs. Whipple for the murder of the husband of the latter, commenced in Albany, before a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Gual Delivery, composed of the following persons, viz.: Hon. Wm. A. Duer, circuit judge of the third circuit; James Stevenson, Mayor of the city of Albany; James McKown, Esq. Recorder of the city; Richard S. Treat, Esq. one of the judges of the Common Pleas; and Welcome Esleek, Esq. one of the Aldermen of the city. Considerable difficulty was experienced in obtaining a jury for the trial of Strang, which was finally overcome and the jury empanelled. On the second day the cause was opened to the jury by Mr. Livingston, the District Attorney. The Court having ordered that none of the testimony, in either trial, should be published until after both trials had ended, of course no details of the evidence have appeared. The trial of Mrs. Whipple was to take place immediately after that of Strang was concluded.

The following particulars are from the Albany Argus:

"Whilst the petit jury were in calling, Strang was brought into court, surrounded by a strong body of police, and placed in the prisoner's box. He appears to be about thirty years of age; in stature he is below the ordinary size; his complexion swarthy, his eyes black, his hair cropped, but bushy and redundant; he was dressed in a new suit of blue mixed cloth.—He sat down, resting his head upon his left hand, in which he held a silk pocket handkerchief; his other hand was thrown carelessly over the box, and he appeared to be amusing himself with beating a time with his fingers. He fixed his eyes intently upon his judges for a few moments, and seem-

ed closely to scrutinize them; a sigh escaped him, but directly after he appeared composed, and seemed to witness the organization of the court with as much indifference as any one present. When arraigned on his indictment, he listened to the charges against him with apparent composure, and plead not guilty. His counsel said he would be ready for trial to day.

Mrs. Whipple next made her appearance. She was conducted into court from an adjoining room by constables, unattended by any friends male or female. She was dressed in deep-mourning. On her arraignment as an accessory to the fact in the murder of her husband, she was greatly agitated, and wept much. She plead not guilty to the indictment, and her counsel said she would be ready for her trial, immediately after the trial of Strang was disposed of.

In consequence of the great number of witnesses and jurors attending the court, and the vast concourse of spectators who had assembled, Judge Duer observed to the sheriff that it would be necessary that the assembly chamber be prepared for the reception of the court, where the trials of Strang and Mrs. Whipple will commence this morning at nine o'clock.

We understand that Messrs. Pepper and T. J. Oakley are engaged as counsel for Strang—Messrs. Taber, Oakley Williams and Van Vechten, for Mrs. Whipple; and that Mr. S. A. Foot will assist the district attorney, (Mr. Livingston) on the part of the prosecution."

YORK COUNTY CONVENTION.

Agreeably to previous notice, Delegates of the Republicans of the County of York assembled at the Court House in Alfred on Thursday the 26th ult.—On balloting for a candidate for Representative to Congress, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the decease of the Hon. Wm. Burleigh, a majority of all the votes was for the Hon. John Holmes. Whereupon it was Resolved, That this Convention recommend the

Hon. JOHN HOLMES,

to the Electors of York Congressional District for Representative, and that all fair and honorable means be used to promote his Election.

—The Methodists will hold a quarterly meeting in this town, on the 25th and 26th instant. They will also hold a Camp Meeting in Paris, commencing on the 27th inst.

CORRECTION.—In inserting the names of the gentlemen appointed to renew the line between this State, and New-Hampshire, we ought to have named John W. Weeks of Lancaster, in the room of the Hon. George Sullivan, on the part of New-Hampshire, and that of William King of Bath, in room of the Hon. John Holmes on the part of this State.

Married.

In Hallowell, Mr. W. Rathbone, of Augusta, (Geo.) to Miss Ruth Ann Leonard. In Andover, Mr. John Frost, of Belfast, to Miss Eliza P. Abbott.

In Taunton, Mass. Capt. Lyman Eddy, of Norton, to Miss Lucinda Leonard.

Died.

In this town, on the 29th ult. of the Quinsy, Albert Edwin, son of Jonathan and Mary Hall, aged 4 months. In Paris, Sylvanus, youngest child of Mr. Sylvanus Jackson.

In Sropshire, (England), Mr. Thomas Spear, aged one hundred and sixty-three years.—He was married at the age of 30, and became a widower at 43.—He had two children a boy and a girl, who lived more than a century and left numerous descendants.—at his funeral 638 of his descendants were present.

In Livermore, Mr. Josiah Wyer, aged about 75 years.—He was a soldier in the war of the Revolution, and had resided in Livermore from nearly its first settlement.

In Vassalboro, Mrs. Lydia Frye aged 26. In Mt. Vernon, Mrs. Caroline, wife of Doct. Dexter Baldwin aged 26.

At Indian Hill, near Newburyport, Mrs. Catherine Poor aged 94 1-2 years. In Watford, on the 23 ult. Mrs. Susanna, wife of Mr. John Kimball, a native of Newbury, Mass. aged 69 years.—Printers in Essex County, Mass. and Portsmouth, N. H. are requested to notice the above.

In Bethel, July 20, Mrs. Esther Burbank, wife of Jedediah Burbank, Esq.—An affectionate companion, a tender mother, an obliging neighbor, and a kind friend. The religion she professed was her support in death. She trusted in the hope of a glorious immortality purchased by the friend of sinners.

In Gratton, N. H. June 20, Mrs. Eunice Durell, aged 37. On the 18th ult. while about her domestic concerns, she went into the cellar with an earthen bowl to procure some milk, when she struck her foot against a board and fell upon the bowl, which broke in pieces, and a piece of which entered the neck, just above the collar bone, dividing the right jugular vein and carotid artery; and before medical aid could be procured the most of her blood was spilt. She expired on the 20th.

In Buckfield, Miss Elizabeth Young aged 80 years. O, Elizabeth! is thy spirit fled? Forever left these nether scenes of woe! Yes, the meek, the Christian girl is dead; And left her lonely brother here below. Comm.

In Springfield, Vt. James Bisbee, only child of Mr. James Walker, aged 2 years. His death was occasioned by his falling into a fire over which a kettle of boiling water was suspended, which turning over, scalded him in so shocking a manner that he died in a few hours.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE...Sweden.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following Lots of Land in the town of Sweden, in the County of Oxford, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, to collect for the year A. D. 1826, as follows, viz:

State, County, and Town Tax.	No. Lots.	No. District.	No. Acres.	Value.	Total Tax.
Owners unknown	126	3	100	150	\$ 45
	102	2	100	200	60
	34	2	30	40	12
	9	2	100	170	53
	16	5	100	100	30
	7	5	100	300	90
	23	2	100	400	120
	9	5	100	100	30
A Gore adjoining Lovell & Fryeburg.	108	3	100	250	75
Town Tax in addition A. D. 1826.	126	3	100	150	19
	102	2	100	200	25
	34	2	30	40	5
	9	2	100	170	22
	16	5	100	100	13
	7	5	100	300	38
	23	2	100	400	50
	9	5	100	100	13
A Gore adjoining Lovell.	108	3	100	250	32
	78	2	60	180	23
Land belonging to John Wood.	43	2	100	100	30
	48	2	100	300	90
	77	2	100	100	30
	17	5	100	100	30
	22	5	100	50	15
	133	2	100	150	45
	134	2	100	150	45
	85	3	100	100	30
	86	3	100	150	45
	101	2	50	75	22
96 & 107	3	40	118	35	10
	10	5	100	100	30
	15	5	100	150	45
	13	5	100	100	30
	21	5	100	100	30
	19	5	100	50	15
	34	5	100	100	30
	33	5	100	150	45
	18	5	100	150	45
	23	5	100	150	45
Town Tax, addition 1826, John Wood's land.	43	2	100	100	13
	48	2	100	300	38
	77	2	100	100	13
	17	5	100	100	13
	22	5	100	50	6
	133	2	100	150	19
	134	2	100	150	19
	85	3	100	100	13
	86	3	100	150	19
	101	2	50	75	9
96 & 107	3	40	118	35	15
	10	5	100	100	13
	15	5	100	150	19
	13	5	100	100	13
	21	5	100	100	13
	19	5	100	50	6
	34	5	100	100	13
	33	5	100	150	19
	18	5	100	150	19
	23	5	100	150	19
Delinquent Highway Tax for A. D. 1825.	14	2	70	140	138
	34	2	30	60	39
	2	5	100	600	594
	3	5	100	300	297
	4	5	100	300	297
	16	5	100	109	99
	11	5	100	100	99
	78	2	60	160	179
	23	2	100	400	386
	9	5	100	100	99

And unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before Saturday, the third day of November next, so much of said Land will be sold at public Auction on said day, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the Schoolhouse No. one, in Sweden, as will discharge the same.

JAMES MESERVE, Collector.

Sweden, June 22, 1827.

FOR SALE.—

THE subscriber offers for sale a valuable Lot of LAND, situated in BETHEZ, on the North side of the River, lying on the main road leading from Bethel to Gilead, a part of said Lot is Interval, well watered and wooded, containing one hundred and thirty Acres—known by the name of the 'Smith Lot,' and will make a good farm.—Terms easy. JEDEDIAH BURBANK.

161

WANTED,

AS an Apprentice to the Housejoining business, an active Lad, from 16 to 18 years of age, to commence the first of September next; one who can come well recommended as to his habits of industry and morality will meet with good encouragement. EZRA F. BEAL.

Norway, July 31, 1827. 161

NOTICE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Norway-Village, and other adjacent neighborhoods, that he expects to commence a Private School, on MONDAY, the 20th of August next, in said Village, for the instruction of Children and Youth, in the various branches, usually taught in town Schools; and he most cheerfully assures his employers, that no pains shall be spared on his part, to encourage, and assist his pupils, in making the best use of their time.

Tuition, 20 cents per week.

Aug. 1, 1827. HENRY HAWES. 161

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD ss.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Inn of Lieut. SAMUEL MORRILL, in Dixfield, on FRIDAY the FOURTEENTH day of September next, at one o'clock, P. M. all the right in Equity, which ABRAHAM HOWLAND has to redeem the following described mortgaged Real Estate, to wit:—The House Lot, and Buildings standing thereon, where the said Howland now resides, in Dixfield-Village, supposed to contain about one acre—it being the same lot, which said Howland purchased of Isaac N. Stanley, in March last, and mortgaged back to said Stanley, to secure the payment of the sum of about fifty-seven dollars and interest.

SAMUEL MORRISON, Deputy Sheriff.

Dixfield, July 26, 1827. 161

BLANKS

FOR SALE AT THE OXFORD BOOKSTORE.

MUSKETS & RIFLES!

PAYSON & NURSE,

No. 3, UNION-STREET, BOSTON,

HAVE on hand and offer for sale at very low prices,

10 Cases MUSKETS, for Infantry companies

5 do. RIFLES, do. Rifle do.

7 do. FOWLING PIECES and Ducking GUNS,

consisting of Percussion, Magazine and Flint LOCKS, of a variety of Patents.

Best English Percussion CAPS—Patent Shot BELTS—Powder HORNS—Dunlop & Eagle Gun POWDER—SHOT—PLINTS; &c. &c.

Also—a Prime Assortment of

HEARD WARE

AND

CUTLERY.

April 6, 1827. ep4mpnuc 146

THE CASKET;

OR,

Flowers of Literature, Wit and Sentiment,

A PERIODICAL WORK ISSUED MONTHLY

Poetry.

[FROM THE SOMERSET JOURNAL.]
Extracted for the Oxford Observer.
MAY MORNING, 1826.

How lovely, how serene the sky,
How beautiful the morn;
But lovelier far that virgin band,
Returning home link'd hand in hand,
Whom chaplets green adorn.

How happy in their native woods
Columbia's daughters fair!
"Gay hope is theirs," and freedom too,
With "buxom health of rosy hue,"
And hearts unscathed by care.

Those fairy forms, mark how they trip
"On light fantastic toe!"
Alas! of false, betraying man,
And all the ills of life's short span,
How little do they know!

But why disturb their peaceful breasts
With unavailing fears?
The muse would fain her tribute pay:
And wish those meads a happy May,
And many happy years.

PRINTER'S CORNER.

A printer was leading a bachelor's life,
'Cause he could not or would not procure
him a wife;
Industrious and prudent, he cut but few capers,
Printed pamphlets, blankets, "greetings," and
weekly newspapers.
On newspaper day, a friend happened to call,
While creak went the press, thump, thump,
went the ball.
On the part of the sheet he was casting his
eye.
Which tells us who marry, and also who die,
Then, says the printer, "Unless my eyes fail,
Your impression just thereabouts looks rather
pale."
"Who would not look pale," replies Type,
"In this case,
With marriage and death staring full in the
face?"

CARTER'S LETTERS.

[FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.]
NAPLES, June, 1826.

A day was busily occupied in examining the remains of Pompeii, seated on the south-western slope of Vesuvius, midway between the top of the mountain and the bay, twelve or fourteen miles from Naples. The road leading to it, through Torre del Greco and Anagnina, traverses several beds of lava, by one of which the former village was entirely destroyed in the great eruption of 1794. Some of the buildings are yet seen buried to the chamber windows by the deluge of fire, which descended in billows high as those of the ocean, sweeping away every thing in its path. It is impossible to imagine any phenomenon more awfully sublime than these burning torrents, kindling into a flame all the combustible matter over which they roll, and producing tremendous explosions of rocks, with which they come in contact. The foliage bordering the track in a moment becomes sere, and the next instant is in a blaze. One would almost be willing to meet Pliny's fate—certainly to encounter the risk he did—for the sake of witnessing a spectacle of so much grandeur. The beds formed by the eruption of 1794 are yet perfectly bleak and sterile, though the borders are exuberantly rich and productive. Fields all green, flowery, and gay, extend far up the acclivities of the mountain, between these broad desolate tracts of lava. Lachryma-christi, a wine well known in our country for its excellence, is peculiar to this district, in which great quantities of it are made.

The situation of Pompeii is delightful, in the midst of a fertile region, sufficiently elevated to command a view of the sea and mountains. Immense mounds of sand and ashes, thrown out in making the excavations, admonish the traveller of his approach. We arrived at an early hour in the forenoon, and lingered till sunset among the ruins. The town was four miles in circumference, of an irregular shape, and surrounded with double walls. Only one eighth of its area has yet been excavated. The rest is buried to the depth of fifteen feet. Excavations are still in progress. The surface is planted with poplars, vines, and maize. But the soil appears arid, and vegetation parched and stunted, though irrigated by the waters of the Sarno, carried through the town in aqueducts.

We commenced our examination with the Amphitheatre near the southern gate. It is nearly in a perfect state, similar in form and construction to the Coliseum at Rome, with two principal entrances on opposite sides, and a small door for carrying out the dead, killed in combats on the arena. The podium or lower circle of benches seems to have been guarded by an iron railing. Two fragments of bas-relief, one representing a charioteer in the attitude of driving, and the other a mask, are still visible. The exterior was surrounded with a course for chariot races, elevated by a concentric wall and terrace above the entrance of the amphitheatre, and secured on the outside by balustrades. These aerial races at the height of fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, must have formed a curious spectacle. In the corridors and passages of the circus, the pavements are composed of blocks of lava, showing that this region has been volcanic from time immemorial.

A little to the north of the amphitheatre is a building called the Triclinium, exhibiting traces of couches and tables, where the frequenters of public amuse-

ment used to recline at the feast. In the same quarter, excavations have been made, which exhibit perfectly the several strata which overwhelmed Pompeii, in the memorable eruption of the year 79. It is supposed, that each stratum was the work of a day, and that the number corresponds with the intermissions and renewals of the showers of fire, water, lava, pumice-stones, cinders, ashes and sand, which deluged the ill-fated city. The first or bottom layer is five or six feet thick, composed of small whitish stones, loose and round, mingled with globules of lava, of the size of shot. Above this are spread several beds of ashes and cinders of a darker complexion, and perfectly distinct in formation. It will be seen from these facts, that the ruins of the mountain which overwhelmed Pompeii differ entirely in character from the solid masses of lava under which Herculaneum was buried, though both cities were destroyed during the same eruption.

Crossing a plain about half a mile in width, enamelled with a variety of wild flowers which bloom above the unopened sepulchre of the town, we arrived at one of the principal streets, which has been excavated to the pavement, and is in as perfect a state as it was seventeen centuries ago. It is lined on both sides with public buildings, dwelling-houses, and shops, the fronts and walls of which remain entire, their roofs alone having been pressed in by the showers of volcanic matter. Nothing was wanting but inhabitants to complete the picture of a modern Italian village. We strolled along the street just as we would through the Toledo, peeping into the shops, and pausing to examine whatever fell in our way. It is sufficiently broad for two modern carriages to pass abreast; paved with large flags accurately adjusted; furnished with sidewalks, and with stepping-stones, at convenient intervals, elevated a foot or more, to enable pedestrians to cross comfortably in wet weather. Much more cleanliness prevails, than in the most fashionable parts of Naples and Rome. The pavement is deeply worn with the tracks of ancient carriage wheels, proving that the town was old at the time of its destruction. I had the curiosity to measure the distance between the ruins, and found it to be five feet, about the width of a modern coach.

Many of the dwelling-houses and shops were examined with minute attention. They look so like inhabited tenements, that it almost seemed proper to knock or ring at the door, lest the stranger should intrude on a family of old Pompeians. The preservation of the buildings, composed of ordinary materials, is perfectly astonishing. Not only the walls, but the painted stucco, and frescoes, even to the most delicate lines, are as entire, and almost as fresh, as if they had been done 6 months or a year ago. There seems to have been nothing damp or corrosive in the substances, which have protected them from the influence of the elements for so many ages. The apartments are uniformly small, badly lighted, without fireplaces, and in all respects inconvenient, affording strong evidence that the ancient inhabitants knew as little of the comforts of home, in our sense of the word, as do the modern Italians, and that most of their time, except in the hours of sleeping, was passed in the streets, and at places of public amusement. The decorations of the rooms are quite as handsome as the same descriptions of ornaments at the present day. Some of the mosaic floors are of exquisite workmanship, and the designs exhibit a good deal of taste. The walls are painted of different colors—generally green, but sometimes red or yellow. In a sculptor's shop, spots of the liquid plaster which bespattered the side of the room while he was at work, remains as fresh as ever. We could at first hardly believe our own eyes, and suspected some deception, till other streets had been traversed, and the same vivid impressions found in all parts of the city that have yet been opened.

The two theatres, one for tragedy, and the other for comedy, are nearly entire, and show perfectly the construction and arrangement of such edifices among the Greeks and Romans. They are of a semi-circular form, rising with tiers of stone steps to the height of twenty or thirty feet, terminating in a gallery guarded by iron balustrades, and appropriated to the female part of the audience. The stage did not differ materially from that of a modern theatre, except that it was broader and had much less depth. Behind was the postscenium or green-room; in front, the postscenium corresponding with our orchestra; and the ancient orchestra seems to have answered to the modern parterre or pit, though used for a different purpose. In the pillars and ornaments of the buildings at Pompeii, Parian marble is found in great profusion, evincing the wealth and luxury of the inhabitants. Few cities now existing in Italy could furnish so many works of art, and such strong indications of taste and splendor, as have here already been discovered in a Provincial town, justifying fully my remarks on the article in the Museum at Naples.

From the theatres we strolled through the Forum Nundinarium, or market-place, which is a large square, surrounded with colonnades of Doric pillars, with a copious fountain in the centre, and at present shaded with weeping-willows. The columns are covered with stucco, and exhibit traces and etchings and initials cut by ancient idlers, while lounging in the Forum thinking of nothing, or using the pen-knife during a conversation with an acquaintance. Ranges of boutiques extend round the Market, in which sundry domestic utensils were found, and also skeletons in the stocks, in what was supposed to be the guard-house. As this place furnished all the conveniences for dining, except the trifling article of food, and the exercise of the morning had created an appetite for any fare however coarse, we directed the cicerone to bring out the best, which his humble habitation afforded. His wife, the only female resident within the walls of the ancient city, made her appearance, and spread an antique table of Parian marble dug from the ruins, beneath the shade of one of the weeping-willows, rendered cooler by the playing of the fountain. Our round Grecian slab, supported by a beautiful fluted pedestal, was crowned with more than attic simplicity. The black-eyed Calabrian hostess procured two sorts of bread—one made of Indian corn, but very far inferior to that which Yankee house-wives know how to knead from the same material. Neither milk nor butter—fish, flesh, or fowl was to be had. A boiled egg, to be eaten as it might without a spoon, and a glass of red wine made from the grape which springs from the ashes of Pompeii, concluded the slender bill of fare. But the frugal repast was more highly relished, than probably are in most cases the banquets of kings. Imagination reverted to the period, when perhaps a circle of Grecian wit and beauty surrounded the same table, quaffing Falernian cups, and warbling in Lydian measures the love-songs of Sappho and Anacreon.

After dinner, which did not require a long sitting, we visited the temple of Hercules, standing upon an eminence that overlooks the Forum. The ruins are massive and highly interesting. Triangular colonnades surrounded the edifice, and a magnificent porch rose in front. The platform, ninety feet in length and sixty in breadth, elevated three steps from the ground, is still entire. Fragments of gigantic columns strew the area. They are of the old Doric order, without bases, and resembling those of Paestum. This temple is believed to belong to a period long anterior to the rest of Pompeii. There were three altars, for the sacrifice of victims, one of which was small, designed merely to hold the sacred fire. Near by stood the receptacle for the consecrated ashes. At one end of the shrine, is a semi-circular bench in the form of a sofa, and in the vicinity, a burying ground, supposed to be the cemetery of the priests, who officiated at the altars.

Entering the Appian Way, which ran through the whole length of the town and formed the principal street, we found the buildings in a more perfect state of preservation, than those that have already been described. If a stranger could be set down blindfold, and the bandage removed, he would scarcely know but he was in a modern Italian town, which had just been deserted, or whose inhabitants were taking a siesta after dinner. The names of persons, written in red paint, are seen over the shop doors, and the designation of cross streets, on the corners, as at the present day. In a word, if the furniture which is now in the museum at Naples, had been left in situ as it was here found, a new set of inhabitants might have gone to house-keeping, with very few repairs, and at very little expense. The silence and solitude which reign along the streets are almost terrific, reminding the visitant that he is traversing the city of the dead, whose spirits start up to meet him at every step.

Among the public edifices which we visited, are the temples of Æsculapius and of Isis. The former is a mere cell, and the most useful of all the gods, if he was not a quack in his profession, was honored with a very humble shrine. A low altar rises in the centre of the fane, on which the convalescent patient probably used to burn incense to the healing divinity. His statue and that of his attendant goddess Hygieia, were found among the rubbish. The temple of Isis is upon a much larger scale. It was about sixty feet square, of the Doric order, built of brick, and covered with stucco. The pavement is splendid mosaic, and the sanctum sanctorum, whence oracles issued, rises on half a dozen lofty steps ornamented with Parian marble. A statue of the goddess surmounted the high altar. The secret stairs up which the priests ascended, behind the curtain, to give responses to worshippers, are still seen. A more gross and bungling attempt at imposition cannot well be imagined, proving that with the Egyptian religion, Egyptian credulity, which could bend to cats, crocodiles, and onions, must also have been imported. Below the shrine,

are the altars on which the burnt offerings were made, the reservoir in which their ashes were preserved; and here lavets for purification were found. In fact, the whole apparatus for performing the mystic and superstitious rites is nearly complete. The worship of Isis seems to have been just coming into fashion in Italy, and at the commencement of the Christian era, and in the succeeding ages, acquired new eclat from becoming the religion of the emperors. It appears to have been introduced by a connexion with Egypt in commerce. It was evidently in vogue to the last fatal day of Pompeii; for the skeletons of priests have been found in the refectory and other apartment of the temple, where they were overwhelmed by the tempest of fire, while clinging to the post of duty, or lost in sensual enjoyments. The fragments of the very banquet at which they were seated, when the awful moment of destruction arrived, were discovered in discombing the temple, and are seen in the collection of curiosities already described.

Round the Forum Civile, a spacious public square, and apparently the centre of the town, rose other edifices of no ordinary magnificence. Among these is the splendid dwelling house disinterred under the direction of the French General Championet, and which has very justly taken his name. It contains numerous apartments, small but remarkably neat, in a perfect state of preservation, displaying frescos and other ornaments in all their original freshness. Several skeletons of females, with rings upon their fingers, were found in this mansion. It appears to have been the seat of wealth and luxury. The remains of baths and alcoves are found in the gardens.

On the western side of the Forum stood the Basilica, or Court of Justice—a colossal building, two hundred feet in length, and seventy or eighty in breadth, adorned with Corinthian columns. The tribunal or bench for the judges is elevated by several steps above the pavement at one end, and directly under it is a cell, supposed to have been a prison, with apertures in the ceiling through which criminals received their sentences. Another court, or more properly a municipal Senate house, is situated near the temple of Isis. The rostrum, ascended by a flight of steps, is yet standing. Contiguous to the Basilica are the temples of Jupiter and Venus—the mosaic pavements and paintings of which furnish proofs of their former splendor. We climbed to the top of the former, now mantled with foliage, and took a view of the deserted city. The Pantheon and the fane of Mercury border the other side of the Forum. They have just been opened, and the colors of their frescos are more vivid than those that have been longer exposed to the action of the air. Immense quantities of statues and other ornaments have been dug up and deposited under lock and key in the courts.

HEBRON ACADEMY.
THE Fall Term in Hebron Academy will commence, on Monday the 6th day of August next, still under the care of SIMON PERKINS, Esq. A. M. whose success as an instructor is already well known. Youths of both sexes applying to this Institution may depend on receiving from the Preceptor and Superintending Committee all the attention which their circumstances, as Students, may require. JOHN TRIPP, Sec'y.
July 18, 1827.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
Oxford, ss.
TAKEN by virtue of sundry Executions and will be sold at Public Vendue, on Monday the thirteenth day of August next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the house of John Hunt Inholder in Albany, all the Right in Equity which Charles Whitman has of redeeming a certain farm situated in Albany aforesaid, being the same farm with its appurtenances that was conveyed by deed of Jeremiah Harriman to the said Charles Whitman and Moses C. Danforth, and since by the said Whitman mortgaged to the said Danforth (Dec. 28, 1825) conditioned for the payment of one hundred dollars in one year from that date.
WM. MORSE, Jr. Dep. Shff.
Waterford, July 10, 1827. 153.

CLOTH DRESSING.
THE subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have taken the Stand for DRESSING CLOTH, recently improved by MORRILL & RUTEN, at Steep Falls, in Norway, where they have made arrangements to Full and Dress Cloth in the best possible manner. They assure their customers that no exertions will be spared on their part to give satisfaction; and the terms of payment will be made satisfactory.
JOHN MARCH,
JOSHUA RICKER,
July 2, 1827. 157.

DRAWING CUMBERLAND & OXFORD CANAL.
FIFTEENTH CLASS.
2913—1000—4729—1000—
1621—1000—3060—1000
All Tickets whose two last three figures are 234, are prizes of \$200
All Tickets whose three last figures are 730 or 425, are prizes of \$100
All Tickets whose three last figures are 173, 743, 651 or 568, are prizes of \$50
All Tickets whose two last figures are 99, are prizes of \$20
All Tickets whose two last figures are 06, 54 or 93, are prizes of \$10
All Tickets whose last figure is 9, 1 or 3, are prizes of \$4
WRAPPING PAPER, for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, May 1.

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THE subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have taken the Stand for DRESSING CLOTH, recently improved by MORRILL & RUTEN, at Steep Falls, in Norway, where they have made arrangements to Full and Dress Cloth in the best possible manner. They assure their customers that no exertions will be spared on their part to give satisfaction; and the terms of payment will be made satisfactory.
JOHN MARCH,
JOSHUA RICKER,
July 2, 1827. 157.

DRAWING CUMBERLAND & OXFORD CANAL.
FIFTEENTH CLASS.
2913—1000—4729—1000—
1621—1000—3060—1000
All Tickets whose two last three figures are 234, are prizes of \$200
All Tickets whose three last figures are 730 or 425, are prizes of \$100
All Tickets whose three last figures are 173, 743, 651 or 568, are prizes of \$50
All Tickets whose two last figures are 99, are prizes of \$20
All Tickets whose two last figures are 06, 54 or 93, are prizes of \$10
All Tickets whose last figure is 9, 1 or 3, are prizes of \$4
WRAPPING PAPER, for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, May 1.

JOHNSON'S AMERICAN ANODYNE LINIMENT, OR, LIQUID OPODELDOC.

THIS most excellent preparation is composed of a number of the most powerful articles which the Materia Medica affords, several of which have never before been combined in any preparation, of this kind, and is considered, by good judges, to be decidedly superior to any other Opodeldoc. Externally it will be used with great advantage for gout and rheumatism; for Strains, Bruises, and Swellings; for Numbness, Stiffness, and Cramp, in the Neck, Back or Limbs. Surgeons will find it an admirable application to dislocated joints and Fractured Bones, both before and after setting.

Internally it is used with the most happy effects for Asthma for hard dry, spasmodic coughs attended with pain in the side, for Hooping Cough, for pains and soreness, in the stomach and sides caused by lifting or others wise, for suppression of the Urin, for Deafness, which has recently occurred, and for pain and itching in the ears; a lock of cotton dipped in it and put into a painful tooth, gives immediate relief. It will be found to possess all the virtues of the British Oil of the white or any other Opodeldoc now in existence, while its power and effects are double to that of any of them.—Testimonies of its beneficial effects in particular cases might be multiplied at pleasure, but the following respectable Certificates are thought to be sufficient.

CERTIFICATES.
I, the subscriber, do hereby certify, that after having been troubled with a Rheumatic Affection for some years, I was attacked with a Gouty Rheumatism in all my limbs, towards the close of the year 1824, and was attended on for a number of weeks by two skillful physicians, without the least sensible benefit. My legs and thighs were almost as big as my body, and my hands and arms so much swelled, that I could neither turn in bed nor feed myself. While in this state, Dr. Johnson's American Anodyne Liniment or Liquid Opodeldoc was recommended to me, and I commenced the use of it, in Feb. 1825—and the use of this Medicine, and a flannel roller three weeks, entirely relieved the pain and swelling of my limbs. During this time I used a bottle of Whitwell's Liquid Opodeldoc on one limb, without any advantage whatever. I attribute it to the blessing of God on this excellent preparation, that am now out of my grave. I would say to the sufferer from Rheumatism, "go thou and do likewise."
LEVI CLARK.
Franklin, Sept. 12, 1825.

We, the subscribers, having experienced the good effects of Johnson's American Anodyne Liniment in relieving obstructions of the water, do hereby give our testimony in favor of that excellent remedy in this painful complaint.

CHRISTIANA K. MERCER, of Sullivan.
ELIZA HOOPER, of Franklin.
SAMUEL BEAN, of Sullivan.

Sold Wholesale and Retail by ASA BARTON, at the Oxford Bookstore, who is agent for the Proprietor; Also, by the Proprietor at Sullivan, Me. by the principal Apothecaries in the State, and by Wakefield Smith & Co. 121, Washington-street, Boston 63wly 125

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

INCORPORATED for the purpose of insuring against LOSS and DAMAGE by FIRE only, with a Capital of 200,000 Dollars, and a surplus Fund of more than THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS; the whole secured and vested in the best possible manner,—offer to take risks on terms as favorable as other Offices.

The business of the Company is principally confined to risks in the country, and therefore so detached that its capital is not exposed to great losses by sweeping fires. The small compensation they require, and the liberality and promptness in adjusting losses that may accrue under their Policies together with eight years close application and experience, induce them to flatter themselves that they shall receive a share of public patronage.

The subscriber is an authorized Agent for this Company, and will receive Policies immediately, to those who may apply for them.
ASA BARTON.
Norway, July 5, 1827.

N. B.—As this Company does not insure upon marine risks, it is considered to be perfectly safe, and deserving of public confidence.

BROWN'S DROPS FOR FITS.

THIS valuable Medicine has been used in several instances with success for the cure of Fits.—Numerous Certificates of its efficacy have been received from persons of the first respectability.—The following from John Whipple, Esq. is sufficient to show its value:

I, JOHN WHIPPLE, of Hocksett, certify and say, that my child was attacked with fits in a very dangerous degree. Medical aid seemed to have had little or no effect. I applied to Mr. Brown, and he gave me a phial of his Drops, which I gave to my child as directed by said Brown; and I have no doubt that they were of much service. After administering one phial full to my child, the fits left her, and she has been in perfect health ever since.
JOHN WHIPPLE.
Hocksett, June, 1825.

For sale by appointment of the Proprietors, at the Oxford Bookstore.

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